

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—COWPER.



THE NEW MASTER.

GEORGE BURLEY;

HIS HISTORY, EXPERIENCES, AND OBSERVATIONS.

BY G. H. SARGENT, AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES OF A CITY ARAB."

CHAPTER XXV.—FRIENDSHIP NOT PROMOTED BY FURTHER ACQUAINTANCE.

MARMADUKE TOZER was not improved. I did not see then—boy as I was—how sadly deficient he was in those qualities which *must* appear in youth if they are to shine out brightly in manhood; but I saw enough to cause me to remember what my grandfather had said; namely, that, if honest and true, he hoped Marmaduke and I should be good friends, but *not else*.

Marmaduke was *not* honest and true. I do not mean by this that he was habitually given to cheating and falsehood, but he was undeniably selfish; and no person can be this, and at the same time, in the full sense of the words, either honest or true. He was crafty also. I am afraid that the severity of his early training had taught him this; that the constant fear of his mother's anger had made deception a second nature with him. He was given to boasting—to bragging we used to call it. By some means or other, he had come to the knowledge of Mr. Falconer's intentions towards himself; and I believe that I, unwittingly, enlarged his ideas of that gentle-

man's great wealth, which I spoke of as I had heard, principally from Betsy Miller. It was astonishing the airs he gave himself after this revelation, and the patronizing manner he adopted towards me, telling me what great things he would do for me when he came into his property. I should not have minded this if the matter had passed only between ourselves, but he took care to show, in the face of the whole school, that he already considered himself vastly my superior in respect of fortune, and this troubled me. It annoyed me the more because he really was very far from generous with the money he had at his command, which, I may say, was just what Mr. Falconer allowed him, as in my case; namely, ten pounds a year.

Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks in Marmaduke's essential character—and which, probably, I now see much clearer by the light of subsequent events than I could then have done—he had qualities which made him rather popular in the school. He was bold, even to recklessness, in all games of strength and agility; and he had an outward show of good-nature and frankness, which concealed the cunning which lay beneath, and which only occasionally betrayed itself.

Let it be understood, also, that I never had any decisive quarrel with Marmaduke. On the contrary, we were on tolerably good terms with each other; but our acquaintance did not ripen into friendship. I was sorry for this at that time: I am glad of it now.

In a school of a hundred boys, it would be strange if any one unit of that number should be entirely dependent on some other particular unit for support, and consolation, and sympathy. Marmaduke did not depend on me, nor I on him. He very soon found congenial associates in the two boys—Querens and Philander Brown—who had been my fellow-companions on the coach; while I picked up a friend in a little fellow, younger than myself, who came from London, and who excited my sympathy, first of all, by the suit of mourning which he wore, and which he accounted for by telling me, in mournful tones, and with tears in his eyes, that his mother was dead—had been dead only a few months. He was a gentle little fellow, with very strong affections and feelings, very ill-prepared to cope with the rough companionship of a large boarding-school. He was very glad to have a friend, as he told me, and I was very glad to have him for my friend. His name was Edwin Millman.

It came to pass, therefore, that, though Marmaduke and I kept on good terms with each other, we were each content to see the friendship of the other running in another channel. It may be that this comparative distance was rather promoted by our being in different classes. Marmaduke's home education (notwithstanding its stringency) had not produced fruits of learning very plentifully, and he was low down in the school.

And now I fancy I hear some reader crying out against schoolboy stories in general, and in particular against their being introduced into this especial narrative. Do not be alarmed, reader: I shall pass very rapidly over this part of my history, and will not be drawn aside from its steady course by any temptations which memory lays before me. I shall only say here, that weeks and months rolled on without any occurrences needful to be noted down. We were a tolerably happy and harmonious community, very well governed by genuine kindness, at a time when kindness in teaching was an exception—harshness the rule. At Christmas I went home to Silver Square for the holidays, and my grandfather and Betsy Miller were pleased to see how much healthier and stronger I had become; and when

the holidays were over I returned to St. Judith's not broken-hearted.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE NEW TEACHER.

In the second half-year of my pupilage at St. Judith's a new teacher made his appearance, as second classical tutor and writing-master.

"Such a queer-looking chap," remarked Edwin Millman, who had caught sight of the new arrival, in the hall, the evening before his introduction to the school.

"In what way queer, Edwin?" I asked.

"Oh, he is so old-looking—forty years old or more, I'll be bound—almost as old as the dominie himself."

"Is that all?"

"No; he has an odd face, and wears great blue goggles, with blinkers like carriage horses; and his hair is brushed down smooth over his forehead, I suppose because he hasn't enough of it for a Brutus."

"Anything else, Edwin?"

"Yes; he is dressed just like a parson, with a white cravat, and no collar, and a waistcoat that buttons up close under his chin, and a long coat, like a great coat, reaching pretty nearly down to his heels—all in black, he is, only it seems precious rusty. I say, George," the boy added, after a pause, and speaking confidentially, "I don't like the looks of him."

"Because he looks old, and has thin hair, and wears blue spectacles, and dresses like a parson? Is that why you don't like his looks, Edwin?" I asked, laughing at the solemnity of his tone.

"No, of course not, George; but he has got a nasty-looking mouth—spiteful. He looks as if he could bite any one he takes a dislike to, and bite hard."

Here our conference ended. To tell the truth, I was not much taken with my companion's description of the new teacher—whose name, by the way, we learned was Smithers—and I regretted more than ever having lost Mr. Smithers's predecessor, a kind-hearted, gentlemanly young man, who had been at one of the Universities, and was now entering into holy orders.

We were to hear more of Mr. Smithers, however, before seeing him; for that night, after prayers had been read to us in school according to custom, Mr. Thompson called attention, and in a brief speech informed the assembled boys that he should have the pleasure on the following day of introducing to the school a gentleman with whom he had received most flattering testimonials from the principal of a large school in the neighbourhood of London, as being an exceedingly conscientious and painstaking teacher, as well as a thorough student; that this gentleman (Mr. Smithers by name) had been seven years in the establishment he had just left, and that therefore Mr. Thompson's correspondent had the greatest confidence in speaking of his character and acquirements.

"I tell you this, boys," continued our master, "that you may be prepared to treat Mr. Smithers with proper respect. Unfortunately," he went on to say, "the gentleman is somewhat peculiar in his manner, and rather eccentric in his costume, which is to be attributed, no doubt, to his studious habits. But you know, some of you, what the poet says:—

"Worth makes the man; the want of it, the fellow;
While all the rest is leather and primello."

With this pithy quotation, Mr. Thompson descended from his rostrum, and left us in much wonderment respecting our new teacher.

On the following morning Mr. Smithers entered the large school-room arm-in-arm with the principal. Of course all eyes were turned towards the door, and I dare

say not a few "Oh, my's" were softly breathed. For he was a strange-looking personage, this new teacher, much as Edwin Millman had described him to me, but with greater exaggerations in the reality than in the description. He was tall and gaunt; and this characteristic was increased in appearance by the extraordinary coat of rusty black which, buttoned closely from the top to the lowermost button, and fitting tightly to his spare frame, reached almost to his shoe-ties. This, with the straightly-combed hair and whiskerless face, and especially with the large blue-blinder spectacles in addition, which gave an awfully cadaverous hue to his colourless countenance, raised a titter in the school, which, however, was speedily hushed by a stern glance of our master's eye.

"What a guy he is, though! isn't he?" whispered my right-hand desk-fellow in my ear: "only wants a dark lantern and match-box, eh?"

"Keep quiet," I said, bending over my books with strange perturbation; for, in spite of the new disguise in which I saw him, and the new name he bore, I had fancied I recognised in the new teacher my uncle, William Bix.

And yet it could not be. I knew enough of my uncle's history to know that he could not have been seven years, if he had been one, a teacher in a school. How, then, could he have obtained the testimonials of which Mr. Thompson spoke so enthusiastically? I argued this in my mind until I began to smile at the freak of imagination, and to set myself in earnest to the morning's work.

Presently a class was called. I was at the head of it, and marched boldly up to the new teacher. I cannot say that our eyes met, for his were so completely hidden by his blinder glasses that not a sparkle could be seen. But I did not need to look into his eyes. It was enough to see the sallow cheeks, the rather strongly-developed nose, the massive under-jaw, and the thin-lipped, closely-compressed mouth, the unmistakable features of the quack doctor of three or four years ago.

He knew me too. In one moment his countenance became ghastly pale, and his white upper-lip trembled. So did his hand when he held it out for my Latin grammar. The emotion did not last long, however, and it was unnoticed by any save myself. It evidently required a strong effort to overcome his surprise, but William Bix was equal to it: before one could have counted twenty, the natural sallowness had returned to his cheeks, the thread of pale vermillion to his narrow lips, and firmness to his quivering nostrils, and the class was proceeding with its rehearsal.

I have elsewhere recorded that my uncle, in his youth, had received a good education. I do not suppose that he was very well "read up," as students say, in the classics, and I apprehend that his knowledge was somewhat rusted by disuse. But he was equal, at least, to the requirements of a private boarding-school in the country, at a time when a little Latinity in general went a long way; and, in the opinion of the class, our new teacher acquitted himself satisfactorily. Better than I did, certainly; for I lost two places in the class by stupid mistakes in parsing, owing to the strange confusion of mind into which I was plunged by this unexpected *rencontre*.

Presently the class was dismissed, but not before Mr. Smithers (my uncle for the present must bear this *alias*), under pretence of wiping his glasses, removed them for a moment from his eyes, and darted at me a glance so full of dire threatening, and set his teeth at me so houndlike, that boy as I was, I felt my blood run cold.

Edgar Millman was right enough when he said that the new teacher looked as if he could bite, and bite hard, too.

CHAPTER XXVII.—MR. SMITHERS.

"You did not get on very well with your parsing this morning, my lad. I am afraid you are not very industrious. Come this way: I should like to have a little chat with you about the irregular verbs."

This readily-prepared and quietly-uttered speech was addressed to me after school-hours, while I was strolling with Edwin Millman in the large play-ground, and looking on at groups of our schoolfellow, who were engaged in various games.

Obedying the mandate, I followed Mr. Smithers to a secluded corner of the ground, where, hidden by a clump of trees, was a rustic arbour, then unoccupied. Here he sat down, and motioned me to his side.

"Can we be overheard here?" he asked, in a guarded tone.

"No, uncle."

"Not that word again—never again while I am here, nor afterwards in speaking of me if I should be the first to leave," he said, fiercely. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, I do."

"Now, then, before we begin business"—this he said more mildly—"have you spoken about me to any one, since you recognised me this morning? I mean, have you spoken about me in any other way than as Mr. Smithers—the new teacher—quite unknown to you, of course?"

"I have not spoken about you at all," I said. And this was true; for, undecided what course to take, and mindful, too, of the threatening looks of my uncle that morning in class, I had determined for that day, at least, to observe a prudent silence altogether about him.

"Not spoken about me at all," he said, suspiciously—"not even to that boy you were walking with?"

"No, I have not."

"That's well. I commend your discretion," returned Mr. Smithers. "And now, how came you to be here? Tell me."

I told him that I was sent to school by my grandfather, at the request and expense of Mr. Falconer.

"I might have thought of that when I knew the other boy was sent here by that lunatic; but I didn't," he muttered to himself. "But it is of no consequence," he added; and then he again addressed me.

"Look you, Hurly; you have no enmity against me, I suppose: you don't want to injure me."

"No, certainly not," I replied.

"And you can keep a secret?"

Secrets again! Oh, how I loathed the very word! I had hoped I had done with other people's secrets. However, I answered him, sullenly I dare say, that I had kept one secret of his, at any rate.

"Oh, you mean about our meeting at Wingham, and so on. You never told anybody about that, then?"

"No; nor who it was that frightened little Sophy Tindall in the park a day or two afterwards," I said, as boldly as I could.

I saw that this reference took Mr. Smithers by surprise; for he looked annoyed, though he said, mildly enough, "And if I did speak a few pretty flattering words to the child, what harm was there in that, Hurly?"

"No harm in speaking; but—but you frightened her, you know," I said.

"Very well, I frightened her, then, if you like; and there's an end of it. But you have not answered my question, whether you can and will keep another secret."

"I don't want any more secrets," I answered, passionately; "and I shan't prom—"

"Stop!" said Mr. Smithers. "Don't be rash. I suppose you don't want any harm to come to the old man at Silver Square?"

I looked at the speaker, and saw in his face the same set expression of merciless threatening which I had before noticed that day. It was a look which, I should imagine, only a deliberate villain could assume. I have seen, I suppose, hundreds of thousands of countenances since then, but not one which expressed so much Satanic evil. No wonder, then, that my boyish courage quailed, and that I replied, in a trembling voice, that he—Mr. Smithers, Mr. Le Grand, or William Bix, or whatever other name he might go by—knew, or ought to know, that I loved my grandfather too well to wish him harm.

"Yes, of course," said he, drawing his hand over his face, and so, as it seemed, removing or rather replacing the mask. "Very well, then; you will consult that old man's safety by keeping silent and quiet about me. Breathe but a syllable of your previous knowledge of me, and look for news of mischief in London. I dare say you know all about one dark chamber in the old house," he added; "and there's no reason why there should not be another."

There were abundant reasons why there should not be another; but I saw before me a man who, if driven to desperation, seemed capable of any dark deed. I think now that I overrated his bad courage, and that he was more of a schemer and cheat, than a desperado. But the attempt to alarm my fears succeeded, and he saw it.

"I see a promise in your eyes," he said, smiling. Yes, he could even smile at the horror he had raised in my mind. "And now let us talk quietly over matters," he continued. "I suppose it rather struck you as singular to see me walking into the school-room this morning, as the new teacher, Hurly?"

"Yes, it did. I did not know that you ever had been a teacher in a school."

"I never have before now," said he, calmly.

"Mr. Thompson said you had. He said you had been seven years in a school near London, and that he had received good testimonials about you from the master."

"Upon my word, I am much obliged to Mr. Thompson," rejoined Mr. Smithers, laughing; but it was a harsh, grating laugh, without music or gladness in it. "I did not know that our friend had been so communicative; and it makes it necessary for you to be rather deeper in with my secret than I intended."

"Were those testimonials false ones?" I said, fearfully.

"Exactly so; they were. I wrote them myself, Hurly; and they were not altogether false, either. There's nobody in the world knows my good qualities as well as I know them myself; and I am quite sure I shall make a good teacher—as long as it suits my purpose; and, seeing that no one else would take the trouble to say so, I was obliged, you see, to lay aside my modesty, for once, for the good of society. As to the little embellishments of my seven years' experience, and the school near London, and so on, they were necessary to me, and harmless, Hurly; harmless."

I have written down the words, but it would be impossible to describe the look of boastful cunning, combined with assumed innocence, by which they were accompanied. I do not think that my unprincipled relative really imagined that he could deceive me by his flimsy and impudent arguments, but he certainly looked, or pretended to look, as though he thought I ought to be satisfied with them. This roused my indignation.

"You are a bad man, sir," I exclaimed, "and you are trying to make me as bad as yourself; but you won't. Your deception isn't harmless, and you know it is not."

Mr. Smithers turned rather pale, and his eyes gleamed fiercely—by the way, I may mention that he had removed his unneeded spectacles during this conversation—his eyes gleamed upon me fiercely then, but he maintained his composure.

"The deception is harmless," he said. "Whom does it injure?"

"Some better man than you, who might have been in this situation if you were not here," I answered.

"Pho, pho!" he replied, scornfully; "we none of us know what might have been. But say that I am a bad man (and I have never set up for goodness)—"

"Yes, you are setting up for it now," I said, hastily.

"Don't interrupt me, Hurly: that's rude and ill-mannered. And, now I think of it, do they call you by that silly name—Hurly—here?"

"Yes, sometimes they do—some of the boys."

"Well, after this private conference, I shall not: you will be George Burley to me, nothing else. There's to be no familiarity between us, mind. But keep your own counsel about me, and you shall have no cause to complain. So we understand one another."

The crafty fellow! He was binding me over, body and soul, to serve him, you see.

"But say that I have been a bad man, Hurly," he continued; "is there not the greater reason why I should change my course? I was a drunkard once, and I left off that badness by turning water-drinker; and why should I not leave off other badnesses, my boy?"

"I wish you would, uncle—Mr. Smithers, I mean," said I.

"Well, am I not leaving them off?" he resumed. "Is not my endeavouring to get an honest living by the drudgery of teaching a parcel of stupid boys a proof that I wish to reform and amend? Come, now, what do you make of that?"

I made nothing of it, and answered nothing.

"What was I to do, Hurly? Nobody would give me a character, as I said before; therefore, why should I not give myself one?"

"You had better have kept to selling spectacles or physio," I said.

Mr. Smithers laughed again, as before.

"Come, come," he rejoined; "we shall get no farther by sparring, I see. To arrive at the point, here I am, and here I mean to stop as long as it suits my purpose. Leave me alone, and I will leave you alone. But, if you turn against me, it may be unpleasantly fruitful to yourself, and to the old man in Silver Square. I did not dream of meeting you here, but we have met, and let us both be wise and make the best of it. There, now I think my lecture on the irregular verbs is finished," he said, putting on his blinkered spectacles and rising. "You had better go and join your schoolfellows, and leave me here," he added. And I did as he bade me.

What was I to do? Here was another abominable secret thrust upon me without my seeking or consent. And this secret committed me to conniving at a gross and criminal deception. It was my duty, no doubt, to go at once to Mr. Thompson, and make a clean breast of it by exposing the impostor. But I dared not do this. The knowledge of my uncle's baseness, the remembrance of his threatening looks, his allusion to the dreadful chamber in the old house in London, the recollection of the scene which had once transpired there in my presence—all these considerations deterred me

from the proper course I should have taken. "Unpleasantly fruitful," he could make it, he had said, to myself and my grandfather. Yes, no doubt he could, and would if offence should be given. I quite believed that.

Moreover, I felt some compassion for the wretched man. Was it not true that, if he would reform and really wished to amend his life, there was no one to lend him a helping hand out of the slough of wickedness and low vice, and (probably) many crimes into which he was deeply plunged—no one, at any rate, but his father? And he, poor old man, had not much power to help, save such as he derived from Mr. Falconer; and Mr. Falconer, with all his excellent qualities, had no faith in William Bix, never again would have faith in him, and was, moreover, a hearty and persistent hater where he had once taken a rooted dislike. No, my uncle had no one to appeal to for help who would believe in his repentance, supposing it to be sincere.

He was like the dog of the proverb, who, having an ill name, may as well be hanged at once. I pitied him for this, and asked myself who I was, to stand in the way of his intended reformation and return to virtuous respectability.

It was a boy's sophistry, this, no doubt; for I might justly have known that there can be no return to virtue through crooked and devious ways of sin. If William Bix had been out of love with his sinful self, he would not have committed a forgery for the benefit of that sinful self. Some such thought as this struck me, I suppose; for, after a few seconds of compunctionous feeling, I instinctively knew that my uncle was no penitent.

What was I to do, then?

I made a sort of compromise with my sense of duty. For the reasons given, I was afraid immediately to betray the trust Mr. Smithers, or William Bix, had been compelled to repose in me, and I determined not to do so. But I would wait a little while. Perhaps some unexpected occurrence might prevent the necessity for my speaking out. The discovery of the imposture practised on him might be made by Mr. Thompson without my help, or the impostor might himself soon get tired of the drudgery to which he was self-condemned. From my heart I hoped he would.

It was a mystery to me, indeed, why my uncle had forsaken the roving vagabondish life in the enjoyment of which I had last seen him, and in which I fancy he levied sufficient contributions from the public to keep him in tolerable condition—to chain himself down to an usher's desk. Calling to mind that, though he was evidently surprised to find me, he was aware that Marmaduke was at Mr. Thompson's school, I came to the conclusion that he had some plot to carry out with regard to young Tozer, or perhaps his mother. This was too deep a subject for me to dwell upon, however, and it was soon dismissed from my mind. But I could not so soon dismiss the sense of humiliation and self-reproach which hung about me, that I was conniving, though against my will, at a gross and criminal fraud. Talk about Marmaduke's not being honest and true, indeed! Where were my honesty and truth?

Time passed on, and no discovery was made. Mr. Smithers gave satisfaction to his employer. He was assiduous, quiet, unobtrusive. He proved, also, to be quite equal to his work, and, strange to say, became (notwithstanding he was a strict disciplinarian) rather a favourite with the boys. It may be assumed that I watched him narrowly; but I did not see that he attempted to open communications with Marmaduke. This puzzled me.

I have just said that no discovery was made. This is wrong: I made one. The reader will bear in mind that Mr. Smithers was writing-master, as well as classical teacher. One day, in the course of his instruction, he spoke of the advantage of facility and versatility in penmanship. Every good penman, he said, ought to write several different hands; such as a business hand, a gentleman's hand—

"And a lady's hand, too, perhaps, Mr. Smithers?" said one of the listeners.

"Yes—well, yes; a lady's hand: no objection to that; though a gentleman would rarely, perhaps, have to put it to use. But it is well to know how to do everything; so, for instance—" He took a sheet of paper, and, with great facility, wrote a few lines, as exactly like the current handwriting taught in ladies' schools in those days as it was entirely unlike his ordinary round-hand style.

"There," he said—handing the paper to the boy who had spoken—"you would not think that to be a man's writing, would you? What do you think of it, George Burly?" he asked, as the paper was passed on to me.

I looked up in his face, thinking of the forged letter Mr. Falconer had received in the name of Julia Tozer. I am sure that Mr. Smithers read what was unconsciously expressed in my face. He stroked his own softly.

"Yes, I wrote it, George," he said, with a half-smile, softly. The other hearers supposed that he referred to the paper in my hand. I knew better what he meant.

A strange, incomprehensible man, this Mr. Smithers!

DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF JOHN HUNTER.

In the month of January, 1859, when sitting in the mess-room of the 2nd Life Guards, at Windsor, carelessly looking over the advertisement sheet of the "Times," the following caught my attention:—

"ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS—CHURCH VAULTS AND CATACOMBS—ORDER IN COUNCIL—NOTICE.—Any person or persons having the remains of relatives or friends deposited in any of the vaults under the church, or in any of the catacombs under the churchyard, situate at the north-east corner of Trafalgar Square, are hereby informed that they may, if they so desire, remove the same before the 1st day of February, 1859; after which date, all coffins remaining in the said vaults or catacombs will be re-interred in the same place, and finally built and closed up, in accordance with the said Order in Council, and cannot afterwards be inspected on any pretence whatever.

"BENJAMIN LATCHFORD, } Churchwardens of the said
CHARLES H. PETER, } Parish.

"All communications to be made in writing, addressed to us at the Vestry House, Adelaide Place, W.C."

Why, surely John Hunter is buried in this church, was the thought that immediately struck my mind: his remains ought to be looked after; but who is to do it? I will try to rescue his remains. If I fail, there will be no harm done.

My leave of absence from my regimental duties happening to occur most opportunely just at this time, I hastened to London, and the next morning found me under the portico of St. Martin's Church inquiring for the sexton. Upon asking him if anything was known of John Hunter, who was buried in the vaults of the church, I was not surprised to find that none of the officials of the place had ever heard of him, or knew anything about the matter. I knew not whence, or from

where I got the idea that John Hunter was buried in St. Martin's vaults, but fancied that I had learnt this from my late lamented excellent friend, Professor Quenell, then alive and well; so I went off at once to the College of Surgeons, to consult him upon the matter. The Professor informed me that he was not at all certain upon the fact, but imagined that it was so. We at once consulted Palmer's "Life of Hunter," where we found the following passage:—

"Hunter's body was interred in a private manner, in the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, accompanied only by a few of his medical friends."

This at once put me on the right course, and I went back again direct to consult the Register of Burials at St. Martin's Church. After some little trouble, I was delighted to find, in the sexton's queer-looking old register-book, the following entry, written in a terribly crabbed and careless hand:—

"Leicester Sqnr.

"Oct. 22, 1793.

"M. John Hunter, Esq., $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 o'clock. £6 10s. 2d. No Candles. N-3-V. Duty 3d.—C. 4 jj. ¹¹ Aperplex."

A few entries farther down I found the entry repeated, but in a different formula, and a pen-mark through the entry, as though it ought to have been entirely erased.

There were three things that puzzled me in these entries. The first was, how it could possibly happen that there could be *two* John Hunters. I had looked for one John Hunter, and had found *two*. I subsequently discovered a third. The second puzzle was the meaning of the letters "N-3-V;" and the third, what was the meaning of the letter C.?

These difficulties were thus got over: John Hunter's name had been entered—accidentally I suppose—twice in the registry; and that the figures meant "Vault No. 3."

I ascertained from Mr. Perks, the clerk, that the letter C. meant certificate, and the letter M. male.

At the time John Hunter died there were no coroners or coroners' inquests, and certain persons were appointed in each parish—I believe generally old women—to examine the body of every person who died, and give a certificate that the deceased came by his death from natural causes and not from violence; and these people were called searchers. The letter C., therefore, meant that the certificate had been given in due course by the searchers.

I then sought the aid of Mr. R. K. Burstall, the vestry surveyor of St. Martin's, who, throughout all my labours in these dismal vaults, showed me the greatest attention, and afforded me the greatest assistance and facility in forwarding my search.* I understood from him that the men employed by the parish were to commence the work of removing the coffins to a distant part of the vaults. Being, however, most anxious to find John Hunter's coffin before the Hunterian oration of that year was delivered by the Hunterian orator at the College of Surgeons, Mr. Burstall very kindly set the men to work immediately at No. 3 vault. On going down with Mr. Burstall below the church, we found ourselves in the crypt. This crypt is supported by massive pillars, the spaces between many of them being bricked up so as to form numerous vaults, some large and some small. Besides the above, there is the rector's vault, the portico vault, and the steeple

vault, as well as several smaller compartments taken by private families. The larger vaults were guarded by massive iron gates, through which the coffins could be seen from the outside. Some account of remarkable facts that came under my notice in these vaults, I have given in an appendix to my book.* Mr. Burstall then turned and opened the ponderous lock in the oak door of vault No. 3; and when we threw the light of our lanterns into the vault (for our work was mostly done by lamp-light), I beheld a sight I shall never forget. The vault was a good-sized room, as full as it could hold with coffins, piled one over the other from the very top to the very bottom, and placed in all possible directions, reminding one much of books being packed in a box to be sent away. Many coffins were piled up crossways in front of the door, so that no entry could be obtained except by moving them. To the left of this vault there began another, in which there were a great quantity of simple wooden coffins of persons buried anterior to the Act which ordered that no person should be buried except in lead. The faint and sickly effluvia which emanated from this vault were truly overpowering and poisonous. I did not feel the effects of this till my work was over, and the excitement passed off. I was then exceedingly unwell for more than a fortnight, and from the peculiar symptoms was frightened about myself; but, thanks to a kind Providence, I quite recovered my usual health after a time. Mr. Burstall tells me that he also suffered, and that he was obliged, soon after he had finished his work, to leave London for four months.

John Hunter's coffin was, I knew, among this mass of coffins in No. 3 vault somewhere. It was my self-imposed task to find it; and the only way to do this was to inspect each coffin as it was brought out on its way to the catacombs outside the church. I therefore stationed myself at the door of the vault, and examined, by the light of the lamp hung on to the door-post, every coffin as it came sliding down the plank, occasionally climbing on to the top of them, and looking about among them with my policeman's bull's-eye lamp to see if I could find the much-wished-for name of John Hunter inscribed on any of the brass coffin-plates.

We worked away at this vault No. 3 for *eight* days, when, the Hunterian oration being so near, Mr. Burstall decided to go on moving the coffins at another part of the vault.

Fearing lest by chance that John Hunter's coffin might have been removed from vault No. 3 to another part of the crypt, I attended the men during the progress of this work in the farther part of the church. I was glad I did so, as I discovered the body of *another* John Hunter, but the plate did not agree with the date of the John Hunter I was in search of. I also found the coffin of a Mrs. John Hunter, who died in 1820, but I do not know whether she was any relation to the illustrious anatomist and physiologist.

On the 14th February we resumed our work at vault No. 3, and as the pile of coffins became more and more diminished in number, I became more and more nervous lest, after all, I should be on the wrong track.

My fears also were greatly exaggerated by being told that John Hunter was buried in St. James's Church, Piccadilly. I intended to search the register of this church to see, but I found the coffin of John Hunter a few days afterwards, so that I am ignorant who this John Hunter was. It is just possible that William Hunter, John's

* Mr. Burstall and myself worked admirably together in this really most formidable business of moving the coffins. Mr. B. told me afterwards, that, on looking back to the task he had undertaken, he is certain he never could have gone through it without my encouragement and co-operation; and I say the same thing of Mr. Burstall.

* Curiosities of Natural History. By Frank Buckland, M.A. London: Richard Bentley. 1866. Third Series. Vol. ii., p. 160. A portrait of John Hunter, with Memoir by Mr. Buckland, appeared in "The Leisure Hour" for May 1859.

brother, is buried in St. James's. I have not had time to look to this.

We worked on in No. 3 vault for seven days more, and, as may be imagined, I got very nervous towards the last, especially as I found the engraved brass coffin-plates loosened from the tops of the older coffins, and was very fearful that John Hunter's coffin-plate might also have got loose.

I was, however, encouraged by one of the labourers declaring that he had seen this very coffin in 1832, and that he had recollect it, because "John Hunter invented vaccination."

After a time all the coffins were removed away from the vault but five; two lay side by side upon the floor, and three one over the other in a corner of the vault; and I could see the names on all these coffins except two: my chance was now, therefore, limited to these two coffins.

The total number of coffins in No. 3 vault was over two hundred. The total number of coffins removed was three thousand two hundred and sixty. This will give some idea of the task that had to be undertaken. If one of these coffins, therefore, was not John Hunter's, our labours would have been in vain. The workmen stood at the head and foot of the uppermost coffin of the three, and slowly moved it away that I might see the name upon that immediately below it. As it moved slowly off I discerned first the letter J and the O, and at last the whole word "JOHN." My anxiety was now at its height, and I quickly running to one end, Mr. Burstall at the other, moved the coffin away. At last I got it completely off, and to my intense delight read upon the brass plate the following inscription:—

JOHN HUNTER,
Esq.,
DIED 16TH OCTR.,
1793,
AGED 64 YEARS.

The Hunters' arms, viz., a hand with an arrow on it, also the three horns of the hunter, were upon the plate.

Lest there should be any subsequent doubt upon the identity of this coffin, a photograph was afterwards taken of it by Mr. Soame,† which I have presented to the Royal College of Surgeons.

The coffin, with its contents, immediately after I discovered it, were carefully removed to an empty vault under the church, where they were locked up by Mr. Burstall, who kept the key in his possession. The lead coffin was burst from the decomposition of the body within, and the upper lid loosened: this lid was taken by myself a few paces from the coffin in order to be placed in a light favourable for the photographer. The cloth covering the coffin was in good order, and the brass nails upon it still bore their polish: the bottom alone was injured by damp from contact with the ground. The brass plate was as good as the first day it was put on.

I here publicly beg to state that the sacred remains of our illustrious founder were in no way meddled with or disturbed, by any person whatever. I feel it my duty to place this on record, with my own hands and on my sole responsibility, and if needed Mr. Burstall will verify the statement.

Immediately after I had seen John Hunter's coffin

placed in security under lock and key, I rushed off to the College of Surgeons, and communicated the intelligence to the President and the Council, and to the late Professor Quckett. The Professor and many members of the Council, as well as of our profession in general, during the next few days visited the vaults to examine the coffin, but none of them ever looked into it: this I am certain of.

Though I had worked hard to gain the object I desired, I was not sorry that I had taken the entire responsibility, as well as the carrying out of the task, upon myself; for from my discovery arose two important events, viz. :—

1. The reinterment of John Hunter in Westminster Abbey.

2. And then out of this the erection of a marble statue to his memory in the Museum at the College of Surgeons.

MATLOCK.

BEFORE the era of railroads, it used to be a matter of complaint that the road to Matlock lay over steep mountains and barren moors. At present there is every facility in the way of locomotion. The traveller by the Midland Railway is always delighted with the beautiful sweep of country between Derby and Sheffield. At Ambergate, a pretty station north of Derby, is a branch line, which in a few minutes drops the tourist at Matlock, and extends still farther. I have found the railway very useful; but I confess I prefer a more gradual approach when I visit scenery of remarkable beauty.

And Matlock is certainly a beautiful place. I question whether our island, within similar narrow limits, presents a scene of so much loveliness tinged with sublimity. Through a profound and confined dale the "dusky" Derwent rapidly flows, onwards, sometimes murmuring against shelving rocks, and sometimes falling over them in cascades. On one side of the ravine arise high bastions of rocks fringed with verdure, and crowned with elms, pines, and limes. On the other side of the river the road winds along, concealed at times by thick groups of trees. Under a rock overgrown with foliage is a boat-house, and to row for hours in the long summer evenings upon the Derwent is most enjoyable to a good oarsman. It is on the left side that the High Tor arises, with a steepness that produces an effect of indisputable grandeur, the lower part being covered with underwood and small trees, and the upper part being a broad mass of naked perpendicular rock. Masses of obstructing fragments have fallen from High Tor into the bed of the river below, lashed by the foaming waters. On the other side arise the mountainous crags known by the name of the Heights of Abraham. Their protecting influence imparts a peculiar mildness to the climate, which is always freshened by the free breezes that course through the gorge. Some castellated buildings here arise, seemingly on the perilous acclivity of the rock, surrounded with plantations of yew and maple. At this point the two opposite sides of the gorge almost converge, "a small space of blue heaven alone being seen between them." A row of pleasant-looking houses follows the crescent sweep of the river, and, branching off over undulating ground, we come to our hotel, situated on an eminence fronting the cliff, and enjoying levelled grounds tastefully laid out. The prospect is very well seen from the old Bath, as the river recedes in a curve, leaving a meadow strip as foreground. Several paths are here seen, one of which is called the Lovers' Walk, and well deserves that pretty name, which throughout

* The vicar of the church happened, just before we found John Hunter, to have visited us. He had just left us when we found the object of our search. Hearing our shouts of joy (which we could not restrain), he kindly came back again, and congratulated us at our perseverance being thus rewarded.

† Copies of this can, I believe, be obtained from Mr. Hogarth, printer, Haymarket.

England is bestowed on the prettiest and most shady lanes. The Lovers' Walk at Matlock is carried along the margin of the Derwent, and the intertwined branches of the trees form those natural arches which first suggested the gothic aisles of our cathedrals. In the opinion of the best judges, if only a spring of water could be found equaling the virtues of the Buxton waters, the country around would be covered with palaces, and Matlock would rival the fame of any spa in England, and most of those on the Continent.

Such, then, is a bird's-eye glance at a delicious piece of our home scenery, which might well task the language of the poet and the colours of the painter. Still there is not very much to be seen at Matlock which requires examination in detail. A sight-seer, anxious to see all the sights he could, would not care to linger here long. Having satisfied himself concerning the extremely striking general effect, he will probably go on to Chatsworth, or to any other place whither he is directed by his guide-book, to which the tourist generally yields a servile obedience. Nevertheless, the beauty of a noble landscape like Matlock does not pall, but grows upon the taste. I have found it pleasant at all times—pleasant when, with a merry company, we made a pic-nic on the heights; pleasant when, with a single friend or two, we explored the woods and walks; pleasant when, with no other companion but a book, I lingered about this interesting neighbourhood. But I should think that the pleasantest of all would be to come and spend a month or so in this happy valley. If one wished to write a book, or to study hard, or not to study at all, but to obtain complete rest; to give one's self, or wife, or child, the most innocent and invigorating of relaxation, you could not do better than sojourn for a time at Matlock. It possesses the great merit of being a comparatively cheap inland watering-place. The great people do not come here. Poor great people! Perhaps they prefer the gilded splendours of Ems and Baden-Baden. I know Ems and Baden-Baden, and, leaving out of question their environs, which, indeed, would quite overshadow our little Matlock, I would not prefer them in themselves to this English village. The people who come here, then, are not, as a rule, your fashionable people, but of a well-to-do and honest class; and I am sure that, if I can rightly recognise the aspect of an English home, the pretty houses scattered about could furnish the most agreeable society.

Let me not be understood to say that, if you undertake to explore Matlock, you will not meet with much that will amply repay your explorations. If you are of a scientific turn, I mean if you have some knowledge of mineralogy and geology, there are museums and other sources wherewith to gratify your taste. A local geologist, Mr. Adams, has obtained a well-deserved reputation in his favourite pursuit. Along the road-side you will meet collections that will stimulate your curiosity. There is a petrifying spring, and some very remarkable specimens are shown. The different museums I have mentioned in some cases attain to a high degree of excellence. Beautiful fluors, gypsum, marble tables, vases, obelisks, stalactite, alabaster, are found here, including expensive importations from the Continent. There is a Botanic Garden, carefully managed. The different caverns will be soon visited, and the visits will be often repeated. One of these caverns is approached by a long level path, laboriously formed by excavations in the solid limestone. The cavern ramifies into vaulted passages and lofty cavities. Within the cavern are found rills of clear water and brilliant crystallizations. The Devonshire Cavern, in the Heights of Abraham, opens into immense

natural cavities; and, when the visitor has wandered through the various windings, he leaves through a rocky archway at the farther extremity of the cavern, and finds himself upon a terrace that possesses a commanding view. Those who show the caverns will be ready to produce curious effects by the use of crimson fire and Bengal lights. The walks about Matlock are, as may be supposed, very pleasing. For instance, there is a hill about a mile off, by the side of which is a deep glen, covered by fern, foxglove, heath, and underwood, through which rushes a stream which, falling over a rock, exhibits a waterfall of about eighty feet, and when the stream is swollen by rain the effect is fine. The archaeologist will tell you of curious blocks of lead that have been discovered, bearing Latin inscriptions, and will point out to you various Roman remains in the neighbourhood. A favourite walk is to Willersley Castle, which is close at hand, the seat of the Arkwrights. The grounds are very fine, and are, we believe, thrown open on certain days to the public. A lawn spreads between the castle and the river, and in the background is a wood-covered hill, through which long walks are carried. It is said that the number of trees planted on this estate for a number of years averaged fifty thousand. We trust our readers are familiar with the story of old Sir Richard Arkwright, who, by his genius and industry, raised himself from obscurity to high distinction and immense possessions. Not far from Willersley Castle is the town of Belper, which the Strutts have elevated from a mere village into a prosperous manufacturing town, and which has conferred a title in the peerage upon one of them. The story of the fortunes of the first eminent Mr. Strutt is narrated thus:—The thread wound round the bobbin after its being spun used to ride over the end of the bobbin, or reel, and break. It slipped or滑ed over, and Arkwright could not remedy the defect. Strutt was walking one day with him, when the latter said to Strutt, "If you could but find out the way to make this concern work better, I would make a man of you. You shall have a share in the business." "How much?" instantly inquired Strutt of his master. The amount was immediately mentioned, and Strutt being satisfied, at the same time relying most confidently on Arkwright's honour, took out of his pocket a piece of chalk, and proceeded to chalk over first one bobbin and then another, and so on to twenty bobbins, so that the thread could not pass or slide over the surface so treated, and kept, therefore, in its proper place.

The general name Matlock includes both the village of Matlock and Matlock Bath; the former is as old as the Conquest, the latter is comparatively modern. There is a fine old church at Matlock, with some curious monuments. Matlock Bath is about a mile and a half distant. Notwithstanding the remarkable beauty of its position, the place continued for ages quite unnoticed, the habitation only of a few rough villagers. At the close of the seventeenth century its warm springs, to which some medicinal importance is attached, excited attention. Other springs were discovered, and gradually a considerable influx of visitors has set in. The tendency of late years has been to depreciate the value of the waters, but, as a taste for beauties of scenery has been gradually diffused, Matlock has gained in this way more than it has lost in the other. Dr. Granville, a high authority on spas, nevertheless considers "Matlock water, drunk freely as a common beverage through the day, to be likely to prove highly beneficial in dyspeptic and nephritic affections."

When the visitor begins to enlarge the circle of his observations, he will hear of various famous places in tempting vicinity to Matlock which will be sure to cause

him to wander. I will briefly give my own experiences on this head, which I have no doubt will closely resemble our supposed traveller's. A few miles farther you come to the pretty village of Rowsley. Here are two divergent roads; one takes you to Chatsworth, the other to Bakewell. You will do well to visit both places. It

Cæsar and his fortunes." When the great storm broke out against the Russian Cæsar, which was not assuaged in his lifetime, all communication was broken off between Chatsworth and St. Petersburg. The present Duke, when at Cambridge, was second wrangler; and, after the lamented death of the Prince Consort, he was chosen, as



MATLOCK.

will be impossible for any one to resist visiting the glories of Chatsworth: the long galleries of that Italian palace, crowded with pictures, statues, and all costly rarities; acres of conservatory, and miles of pleasant walks. This wonderful place has, however, been already described in "The Leisure Hour." Make the guide point out to you the oak which Queen Victoria planted when, as a girl, she visited Chatsworth in company with her mother, the Duchess of Kent. The late Duke was an intimate friend of the late Emperor of Russia. You will observe the splendid ornament presented by the Emperor, decorated with the cunningly-wrought scene of Cæsar in the storm: the Latin legend is, "You carry

much on account of his brilliant academic career as his rank, to succeed his Royal Highness as Chancellor of that University. His grace appears to have inherited the mathematical genius of his celebrated kinsman Mr. Cavendish, whose life Lord Brougham has written in his "Men of Letters and Science." The visitor at Chatsworth may well understand the story that is related of Marshal Tallard. He was taken prisoner by the Duke of Marlborough, and remained in this country for nearly seven years. He was entertained here, and, on departing, he said, "My Lord Duke, when I compute the days of my captivity in England, I shall leave out those I spent at Chatsworth." Referring our

readers to the description we have elsewhere given of Chatsworth, we will now go on to Bakewell, a little town almost invariably visited by residents at Matlock.

We are in the region of the dukes. We have passed from the domains of the Duke of Devonshire to those of the Duke of Rutland, who is the owner of the manor of Bakewell. Thanks to the ducal house, the town of Bakewell has been beautified and improved. The river Wye, which quite merits the epithet of romantic, flows on the west of the town; and if you are fond of angling, and are staying at the Rutland Arms, you are at liberty to fish in its waters. There are quarries of black marble in the neighbourhood belonging to the Duke, blocks of which have been exported to all parts of the world. I do not know of anything else to mention in reference to Bakewell, unless, indeed, some remarkable monuments in the church. The great ornament to Bakewell lies just outside the town, the world-known Haddon Hall. Its battlemented turrets rise in the midst of ancient groves, the Wye murmuring by its side, and the dale of Haddon before yon. It is far too dilapidated for residence, but is magnificent in its decadence, and constitutes, perhaps, the most perfect specimen extant of an ancient baronial abode in England. It is about a hundred and fifty years since the Rutland family had a permanent residence at the Hall. The first duke was created at the time of Queen Anne, and in her merry days he maintained a hundred and forty servants in the house; and for twelve days after Christmas open hospitality was kept to all comers. The Hall is still sometimes the scene of festive gatherings. We remember such, when several institutions in the neighbourhood assembled their members here one evening, and the late Dukes of Devonshire and Rutland were both present on the occasion. The rooms are preserved with the greatest care, and the antique furniture retained. There are still portraits by Vandyke, and tapestry from the famed Gobelins manufactory. The Duke of Rutland has a shooting and fishing seat in the neighbourhood, Stanton Woodhouse. We have seen it thus described: "It might have been an appendage to Haddon. Its thick walls and iron-bound windows, circular stone stairway, and turreted chimneys accord with that ancient place. One spacious apartment has been modernized, perhaps sixty years ago, and the present domestic accommodations are well suited for the habits and residence of a gentleman's family. Fine old yews and hollies, that have almost attained the size of forest trees, grow beneath the terrace; and, in a line with the house, elms that might vie with the horse-chestnut of a hundred years spread their leafy arms around."

I had made up my mind to visit Castleton, and did so by a rather unusual route, part of the way on foot, visiting some of the most deep-sunken and romantic dales I have ever seen. It is in the region of the High Peak ground, familiar to most readers by Sir Walter Scott's story "Feveril of the Peak." In this elevated region the green hedges have quite disappeared, and are succeeded by the monotonous stone walls so common in the north country. The remains of the old castle, the seat of the Feverils, are still visible, and attest its ancient imprægnability. I entered Castleton through the celebrated Winnats. This is a name given to the mountain pass that winds through massive precipitous rocks for a distance of two miles: the name, signifying the *gates of the wind*, is derived from the rushing current of air that is always sweeping through the chasm. At a certain point we obtain an unexpected and most beautiful view of the vale of Castleton, which in its beauty and variety contrasts strongly with the bleak

heights from which it is viewed. At the village of Castleton the valley forms a noble amphitheatre, the sides of which rise steeply to the height of a thousand feet. The natives of the district of the peak enumerate the seven wonders which it possesses. We will speak of one or two of these, at the risk of their being already familiar to our readers. One of them is Mam Tor, or the Shivering Mountain. This last name is derived from the constant decomposition of the shale (from the action of the atmosphere), which falls in large quantities from the precipice into the valley below, spreading desolation over a considerable surface. There was here a military camp of an oblong form, surrounded by a double trench, for the most part in good preservation. At the foot of Mam Tor is a very ancient mine, that has been worked for many hundred years: this mine has yielded three ounces of silver to the ton weight of lead. In this mountain are a series of natural fissures or caverns, which have not been traced to their termination, though they have been followed to the extent of three miles. The Speedwell Mine is situated at the foot of the Winnats. The level was originally driven in search of lead ore by a Staffordshire company; but, after many years' labour had been spent in vain, it was thought necessary to abandon the works. You first descend about a hundred steps, and then you come to the "level." Here you find yourself upon Stygian waters, which are, however, less dreadful than they appear, the depth being only three feet, and the channel blasted through the heart of the rock six hundred and fifty yards. The level bursts into a tremendous gulf, whose height and depth are alike invisible. It requires firm nerves to contemplate the abyss. The abyss is void for the space of ninety feet, and then we detect water. The guide will tell you that the depth is unfathomable; and in one sense this is correct, for the abyss appears to communicate with others still more deeply situated in the bowels of the earth. Forty thousand tons of rubbish have been thrown in, during the process of blasting the rocks, and no sensible effect has been produced.

The most remarkable, however, of these caverns is that known by the name of Peak's Hole. A gloomy ravine conducts from the village of Castleton to its spacious entrance. You enter beneath a broad arch, and the daylight gradually dies away into profound darkness; the roof has now become much lowered; a gate is unlocked, and you enter a narrow passage so low that you are frequently obliged to stoop. The sides of this passage close down upon a subterranean lake. The passengers are obliged to lie down in the boat, and the guide, walking in the water, thrusts it along. A brief voyage conducts you to a cavern to which the name of the Saloon has been given. The guides will light a few candles, by which the dim expanse is rendered barely visible. On the farther side, the cavern scene spreads out into what is called the second water: here you find yourself within a rocky enclosure, through which the water percolates in a drizzling shower. This enclosure expands into a magnificent and awful cavern called the Chancel—a chancel of cathedral-like proportions. You will probably have an opportunity of experiencing the effect of lights and music in this striking situation. The guide will ask you whether you would like to hear a blast, for which a small extra payment is required; and upon an affirmative answer some gunpowder is wedged into a rock at a distant part of the cave, and is exploded. The volume of intonation is very great, in the reverberating peals.

From Castleton to Buxton was a charming walk. Elsewhere may be found descriptions of this fashionable

watering-place, which it were foreign to our purpose to describe now in detail. The noble crescent and stables, erected by the late Duke of Devonshire in the Valley of Wye, are very striking. The Duke also built a fine church at his own expense. Buxton, as a watering-place, struck me as being dull; its waters, however, possess a high degree of efficacy. Many thousand poor patients have had the gratuitous use of the waters and medical advice. It is gratifying to learn that most of them have been "cured or much relieved." The effect of the water is greatly increased by the pure, elastic, and bracing mountain air.

It is time, however, to retrace our steps to Matlock. The homeward drive from Buxton to Bakewell is certainly one of the most beautiful I had ever taken. I cannot too strongly impress upon the tourist the great pleasure he will derive from travelling through this almost matchless scenery. From Bakewell to Matlock is a short journey by rail.

GUIZOT.

II.

Two careers have always been open before M. Guizot—the career of letters, and the career of politics. When he was debarred from sharing in those great events which make history, he retired to write history. He has passed with equal facility, equal grace, and equal contentedness from the study to the senate, and from the senate to the study.

He was now, in 1840, for long and anxious years, about to exchange literary calm for the toils of administration, for stormy combats, and an eventual overthrow. M. Thiers, by his failure in the conduct of the Eastern question, had continued to irritate all the great parties in France. Perhaps it was the consciousness of this that caused him to insist that the royal speech should deal in menacing language towards England and other powers. M. Guizot, in flying conferences with the King, held at the Château d'Eu, had given strong counsels of peace and moderation; and the Citizen-King, always seeking the safest path, preferred the counsel of M. Guizot. It appears to have been the advice of Guizot which led to the measures that caused the unpopularity of Thiers. At any rate, M. Thiers and his colleagues resigned. The new ministry was formed, under the presidency of Marshal Soult, but with Guizot as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and virtual Premier. When he returned from his embassy to England, the only French Protestant ambassador from the time of Sully, he found issued the decrees for new ministers, among whom his own position was so conspicuous. "My mother and children arrived at the same moment from Normandy to join me, and towards midnight I re-entered with them my unpretending residence, loaded with a heavy burden, but not despairing of being able to support it."

Now commenced the long administration of M. Guizot, which lasted till the fall of Louis Philippe. He was virtual Premier for seven years. For that time the history of M. Guizot is the history of France. That M. Guizot governed firmly and ably is clear from the fact that within a few weeks of its fall the Throne of the Barricades seemed one of the strongest in Europe: that there was much latent error in it is also clear from the fact that it was then swept away as if by the blast of a tornado. His administration was throughout, apparently, a time of the utmost national prosperity; but throughout there existed in France the most dangerous elements of disorganization and revolution. The minis-

ter's character for learning, integrity, and statesmanship stood at the culminating point. He was renowned as a parliamentary orator; but his great moral qualities were hardly fitly appreciated, and at no time was he popular in any very sensible degree. His policy is thus characterized by Sir Archibald Alison: "Untainted by vanity, uninfluenced by personal ambition, it was based entirely on public principle; and in the maintenance of that he was guided by the courage of an intrepid, the wisdom of a learned, and the disinterestedness of a patriotic mind." When Sir Robert Peel heard of the downfall of M. Guizot's government, and of Louis Philippe, he exclaimed, "This comes of voting by majorities." An explanation of Sir Robert Peel's expression will make intelligible the policy of the minister and the reason of his failure. He was fixed and immovable in the policy which he had adopted. He possessed a firm, compact majority in the Chamber, and on this he placed absolute reliance. The majority itself was, perhaps, acquired by a very considerable amount of parliamentary corruption; for the enormous state patronage was at the disposal of the ministry, and no supposable government could have wielded it irrespective of party and political considerations. But Guizot possessed a clear majority in the Chamber, and the Chamber represented a clear majority of the middle classes, of the wealth, industry, and intelligence of the country. But this class represented neither the present energies nor the numerical majority in France. M. Guizot thought that no concessions could be made to the outcries of the people: he had always been in favour of the principles of liberty, but he considered that liberty had been carried to its safe limit. The throne of Louis Philippe having been founded on a popular revolution, there was always the obvious danger that by a popular revolution it might be overthrown. There was a cry for reform from the working classes, and a wide spread of socialist principles. Against these M. Guizot unflinchingly set his face. He was not unconscious of the perils which he incurred, but he saw in the triumph of those who opposed his government the dissolution of all social order, and this steadily determined him to oppose the wishes of all turbulent and unquiet agitators. For a long time this policy was successful, but the catastrophe came at last.

The relations between France and England form an important element in the administration of M. Guizot, and (although he himself dissents from this view) were, perhaps, one of the causes of its ultimate defeat. The French nation was smarting at the treaty of the 15th of July, 1840, when he came into power, and bitterly resenting the diplomatic triumph of "perfidie Albion." One of M. Guizot's first administrative attempts was to arrange a treaty between England and France for the abolition of the slave trade. The mob-feeling of France took this as a concession to England, and a universal cry of indignation was raised against it. How true is the eloquent sentence of M. Guizot's: "The real danger of the country, its prevailing vice, is not corruption; it is the want of great public men who are the living and immortal expression of great ideas, great feelings, great courage." War very nearly arose between England and France, owing to transactions which arose in the island of Otaheite, or Tahiti. The island had been placed under French protectorate, and, under some pretext, real or assumed, the British Consul was arrested, and only released on his direct promise that he would instantly leave the Pacific. This was a direct breach of international law, and the English Government demanded reparation.

This was the main point: further discussion arose out of the French deposition of Queen Pomare. At other times and under different governments a long and bloody war might have been the result. M. Guizot saw clearly that at Tahiti his countrymen had been in the wrong. Unheeding the senseless cry of subserviency to England which was sure to be raised, he determined to yield the very moderate concession asked by the English Government. M. Guizot announced this to the Chamber in the following noble terms:—“The good understanding which now subsists between the two governments has been called an *entente cordiale*, friendship, alliance. Gentlemen, it is so; but it is something more novel, more rare, more great than all that. There are now in France and England two governments, who believe that there is room in the world for the prosperity, and the material and the moral activity of both countries; who do not think that they are obliged to regret, deplore, or fear their mutual progress; and who are satisfied that they may, by the full development of their forces of every kind, aid, instead of injuring each other. And the two governments who believe that it is possible to do this, believe also that it is their duty to do it—that they owe it alike to the honour and the good of their country, to the peace and the civilization of the world. And that which they mutually believe possible they have actually done; they have reduced their ideas to practice, and they have evinced on every occasion a mutual respect for rights, a mutual attention to interests, mutual trust in intentions and words. This is what they have done; and thence it is that incidents the most delicate, events the most grave, are accommodated without producing either a rupture or even a coldness in the relations of the two countries.”

Unfortunately the *entente cordiale* did not endure. It was completely ruptured by the affair of the Spanish marriages. It has always been the traditional policy of the English and other governments that the crowns of France and Spain should never be united on the same brow. The marriage of the youthful Queen of Spain was a very important political consideration. When Queen Victoria visited Louis Philippe at his Château d'Eu in Normandy (1842), and when in the following spring Louis Philippe visited our Queen at Windsor Castle, “amidst these scenes of more than royal magnificence, and when walking under the shade of the lofty elms contemporary with Henry IV at the Château d'Eu, the graver concerns of state policy were not forgotten.” Christina, the mother of the Queen of Spain, and of the Infanta, Louisa, proposed to Louis Philippe that his two sons, the Duc d'Aumale and the Duc de Montpensier, should respectively marry them. Louis Philippe saw that both were quite out of the question—it would almost be equivalent to a state of war—but he expressed his willingness that the Duc de Montpensier should wed the Infanta. It was surmised at the same time that Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, a relative of the Queen of England, would become a candidate for the hand of the Queen of Spain. Louis Philippe was very anxious for the Spanish alliance, and at the same time England would steadily oppose any alliance which would make Spain subservient to France. At the same time the English Government disowned any attempt to obtain the hand of the Queen for the Coburg Prince. And even afterwards, when Queen Christina actually wrote to offer her daughter's hand to the Prince of Coburg, the English Government communicated the fact to Louis Philippe, and said that it had had neither their knowledge nor their concurrence. An arrangement was made between Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot, that neither

the Coburg Prince nor French Prince should wed the Queen of Spain, but that after the Queen had married some prince of the old line of Spanish kings, and had a family, that then the Duc de Montpensier should marry the Infanta.

At this point Lord Palmerston became Foreign Secretary. There was a dread of Lord Palmerston at the French court. They remembered the treaty of July 1840, and the bombardment of Acre. Lord Palmerston wrote a despatch on the Spanish marriages. In it occurred the memorable words, “The candidates for the hand of the Queen of Spain are now reduced to three: Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and the two sons of the Infant Don François de Paule.” The French Government had, of course, supposed that the notion of the Prince of Coburg had been quite set aside. This renewed mention filled them with alarm. The Government of Louis Philippe fell back upon their former theory of the two simultaneous marriages. In vain the English diplomats offered every explanation of the unhappy phrase. In three weeks' time the Queen was married to the Duke of Cadiz, and the Infanta to the Duc de Montpensier. The English Government were to the last degree offended, and the *entente cordiale* was completely broken up.

Something ought now to be said respecting M. Guizot's internal administration; for, although he only became President of the Council in 1847, for years previously he had been virtually at the head of affairs. When M. Guizot first went to England, Louis Philippe said to him, “Will you be created a count? a title is sometimes useful.” When M. Guizot declined the offer, the King replied, “You are right: your name alone is sufficient, and is a higher dignity.” Of the probity of M. Guizot we have already spoken, and an interesting instance may be given. In 1846 the Bey of Tunis visited Paris, and was received with the greatest kindness by M. Guizot: such courtesy was the duty of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Before the Bey departed he gave an Oriental dress to each of M. Guizot's children, so enriched with rubies and emeralds that the value of the dresses amounted to six thousand pounds. M. Guizot thought it right that the present should be immediately returned to the Bey. He expressed his gratitude, but requested that he might not be pressed to do what he had never yet done—accept a present. It is unfortunate that a minister so upright and enlightened should never have succeeded in winning the affections of his countrymen. Something in his own mental constitution may have gone some way towards this. “All those who have known M. Guizot intimately,” says a writer in the “Quarterly Review,” “have observed how little there is in him of the peculiar French element. In his speech, in his writings, in his countenance, in his conduct, there is a steadiness and seriousness which is the reverse of national, and which doubtless he owes to Geneva.” The general internal policy of M. Guizot may briefly be described as a long attempt to cope with and overmaster the levelling and revolutionary tendencies of the time. In addition to this, each year brought its special troubles. In those days many ministers were killed by anxiety and fatigue: it has been said that not so many generals fell in Algeria as political chiefs at home. M. Guizot was remarkable for the stern readiness with which he opposed himself to all unpopularity. The number of speeches which he made was prodigious. M. Villemain has called him “the greatest oratorical athlete” of modern times. On one occasion, in a debate of almost unprecedented violence, his strength and voice failed him. “You may,

perhaps, exhaust my physical strength," said the great minister, "but you cannot quell my courage; and as to the insults, calumnies, and theatrical rage directed against me, they may be multiplied and accumulated as you please, but they will never rise above my contempt." His opponents thought that the highest note of invective was sounded when they denounced him as an Englishman.

At last came the revolution of 1848. The immediate cause was the prohibition of the Reform banquets: the remote cause lay deeper, in the radical vices of the age and country. Louis Philippe, at the age of seventy-three, appears to have lost all vigour and energy of mind, and to have sacrificed the throne which more vigorous efforts might have retained. The King thought that Guizot's resignation would still the nascent revolution—but both King and Queen felt deeply the parting. The King embraced his minister with tears. "How happy you are!" he said. "You depart with honour: I remain with shame." M. Guizot's last official act was one which might have saved his master. It was the appointment of Marshal Bugeaud to the command of the army. But the new ministers, MM. Thiers and Odillon Barrot, induced the King to stop the Marshal's proceedings, in the vain, fruitless idea that their presence would stop the tumults. The mob only greeted their appearance at the first barricade with hisses and laughter. They were themselves soon swept away by the rising revolutionary tide. No event more influenced the catastrophe than one which happened in front of M. Guizot's house, the Hôtel for the Minister of Foreign Affairs. A squalid, ferocious mob surrounded the hotel, a red flag waving over the forest of pikes which they carried. One of the mob firing at the troops, the soldiers returned a volley, and the dead bodies, being theatrically paraded through Paris, increased the violence of the popular passions.

But we leave the general history to follow the fortunes of M. Guizot. That twenty-third of February separated M. Guizot from his mother and his children. A friend spent a great part of the night in attempting to bring together the scattered members of the family. This friend wandered about the barricades, and everywhere witnessed the exasperation of the mob against the minister. At daybreak he found M. Guizot at the house of the Duke de Broglie, and made his report. "The place where your mother and children are is surrounded by barricades, and it is impossible to get them out. But I do not think that they will now incur any danger. All the danger is for you." But his thought and cry was "Oh my poor mother! Oh my poor children!" Legal proceedings were taken by the French magistrates against M. Guizot, which lasted many months, and were only quashed when the fall of the new republic was at hand. For four days all exit from Paris was closed. On the fifth day M. Guizot's daughters escaped with a false passport made out in the name of young English ladies travelling with their governess. They crossed the Channel in a tremendous gale and arrived safely. Their father's escape was more difficult. He got to England through Belgium, disguised in the livery of a servant. "He was several times on the point of being detected during his journey through the northern provinces of France, because his mock master would never allow his servant John to carry the luggage." He was soon joined by his son, and afterwards by his aged mother, Madame Guizot. His devoted mother died at the end of the month, from the shock; yet full of peace, and with all her family around her. She had never forgotten the horrible day when her husband was guillotined, and had dreaded the same fate for her famous

son. She has told us how, in the bitter days of civil strife, she had watched his pale, motionless face, "and, while he slept, I remained with the children round the bed, mentally imploring the Almighty for the happiness of France, and for the safety of my son."

Thus, then, fell the Throne of the Barricades. M. Guizot, during his residence in England, chiefly made his home at Brompton, until he was allowed to return to France. He has made a mention of this recent visit to England, which is highly honourable to our country. He tells us that he has twice visited England, first as an ambassador, and secondly as a fugitive, and that his reception was equally gratifying on both occasions, except that on the last he was treated with a still greater degree of courtesy and consideration. With the fall of Louis Philippe, M. Guizot appears to have closed his active life of politics. With his wonted calmness he has in these his latest years returned to the studies of his earliest, and in large measure, we believe, honourably derives from literature the modest means which he possesses.

Let us now sum up our impression relating to this great and good man. He presents us with a marvellous combination of remarkable and rare faculties. The nearest parallel we can recall is the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis. The English statesman was a profound scholar and a consummate politician; but the French statesman excelled his English contemporary even in the points where the latter is most excellent. He does not, perhaps, possess the profound and exact scholarship of Sir George Lewis, but his reading is wider, his sympathies more extended, and his works have a more general and more prominent value. M. Guizot was, moreover, a great statesman, who wielded the destinies of France for many eventful years. He was a great orator, hardly born such, but such he eventually became—an achievement to which the Englishman never attained. M. Guizot's original lectures at the Sorbonne were certainly not eloquent; his style, severe, logical, calm, aroused none of that interest which other eloquent teachers had succeeded in exciting. But in the Chamber he did wonders. Almost single-handed he encountered a wonderful array of parliamentary ability in opposition against his ministry, and he held his own against them. He rose to the occasion; every day seemed to develop some new faculty, and he is held by his contemporaries to have ultimately carried the art of debate to perfection. On the character of his government we do not form an opinion, and probably a clear unbiassed opinion can hardly as yet be arrived at. It may, however, be said that the one error of his political career is its ultimate failure; but perhaps the character of a great politician is to be judged by a higher standard than mere failure or success. His conduct was at least based on the loftiest public principles, and no stain rests on his integrity. We may with greater confidence turn to the consideration of those enduring writings, which will instruct as teachers and charm as companions, long after all these political details are entirely forgotten or only imperfectly remembered. The clear, copious, brilliant language of France has rarely been made the vehicle of such thoughtful wisdom. The University of Oxford has deservedly made two of his works text-books in its nominations. These works are respectively the "Lectures on the History of the Civilization of Europe," and on the "History of the English Revolution." The first is a work which gives the cream of many works, which has required past knowledge from the writer, and requires also some degree of knowledge from the reader, and is the finest example of that philosophy of history of

which we have spoken. Our impression of the second of these works, derived from a repeated perusal, is that there is no work of similar compass in our own country which deals with such perfect fairness and such full knowledge of the period of English annals which is at once the most complicated and most exciting. This period, indeed, appears to possess a peculiar fascination for his mind. He has written volume after volume on the subject, producing works on Oliver Cromwell, on Monk, on the causes of the Revolution, and the whole of his writings and collections form a literature on the subject of permanent value. How fully he has realized all the details of that vanished English life may be seen, for instance, in the memoir of Lady Rachel Russell which he contributed to the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and which the Duke of Bedford, in veneration for his illustrious kinswoman, has caused to be issued in an English form. But it is impossible to speak in detail of all M. Guizot's writings. The entire list must amount to some forty or fifty volumes, the whole relating to the three loftiest subjects that can engage the contemplation of the human mind—History, Philosophy, Religion. The whole are possessed by that lofty morality which earned for the ancient Greek the title of Aristides the Just, and informed also by still loftier principles, which can be derived from no source of mere human inspiration. They have the simplicity and massiveness which we associate with ancient art; there is the "pure serenity of perfect light" of which the modern poet speaks; and throughout those luminous pages of truthful history and profound wisdom it is hard, to a degree which is truly wonderful, for one who has so actively mingled in the stormiest arena of his age, to discover any trace of partiality, or bitterness, or exaggeration.

M. Guizot resides during the summer in the Val Richer, in Normandy, and during the winter in Paris. After the storms of his career, he must enjoy the long calm evening of his days. His two daughters are married to two brothers, De Witt, descendants, we believe, of the famous grand Pensionary, and his son has already attained to an honourable literary fame. He from time to time publishes his opinions with great force and freedom on various subjects that arise, and, attaining to "the wise indifference of the wise," looks calmly on the political events in which he has ceased to have a share. We question if he could have planned a more fitting termination for his career than that with which Providence has favoured him. Beyond his original works, he is one of the best interpreters between the mind of England and France, publishing with prefatory matter such books as the "Prince Consort's Addresses," Lord Stanhope's "Life of Pitt," and Oliphant's works on Japan. M. Guizot's last publication is the "Meditations on the Essence of Christianity, and the Religious Questions of the Day." It is to be completed in four parts, of which two have appeared. Whatever objection may be made to points of detail, the spirit of this work must be admired. We conclude our remarks in the language of his preface to the first of these volumes: "I have passed thirty-five years of my life in struggling, on a bustling arena, for the establishment of political liberty and the maintenance of order as established by law. I have learnt, in the labours and trials of this struggle, the real worth of Christian faith and of Christian liberty. God permit me, in the repose of my retreat, to consecrate to their cause what remains to me of life and strength. It is the most salutary favour, and the greatest honour, that I can receive from his goodness."

THE PRUSSIAN NEEDLE-GUN.*

ALL at once the Prussian Zündnadelgewehr, or needle-gun, has sprung into popularity, owing to the successes achieved by it in the Bohemian campaign. It had been previously condemned by all save the Prussians themselves, who have employed it in their army for now more than twenty years. It is hard to understand the divergency of opinion in respect to the value of this now celebrated weapon. If the Zündnadelgewehr had been a Prussian state secret, guarded from the ken of all other nations, as the manufacture of Tyrian purple was guarded, the Greek fire, or Dresden china, then the wonderment displayed at the sudden success of the weapon now would be explicable. There has been no secrecy of the kind. Not only have Prussian needle-guns been knocking about in English gunmakers' shops for these many years, but, even so far back as the Universal Exposition in Hyde Park in 1851, specimens of this variety of fire-arm were conspicuously displayed in the Zollverein department. It has been also one of the permanent objects of exhibition in the museum of the United Service Institution.

The arm, long ago, was experimented upon at Woolwich, and condemned. The military departments of other nations have not been more appreciative, if one or two small German governments be excepted. The American war, though stimulating into existence and active use so many breech-loading weapons as it did, left unchosen, and therefore unappreciated, the Zündnadelgewehr.

More difficult of comprehension, too, is this: since the adoption by the Prussians of this arm, they had on several occasions used it in active warfare without evoking any especial testimony as to its merits. Thus, during the revolutionary years of 1848-9, they used it to quell popular insurrection in Germany, and one heard nothing of its prowess. Again, in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign of 1849 they used it, and on this occasion with no great seeming effect. Altogether the Prussians were not very successful; and, in respect to the needle-gun, we have heard implications of deficiency outspoken by professional men, on the testimony of the first Schleswig-Holstein contests. We have heard it said that on that occasion the needle-gun leaked fire so wildly—the leakage being in a direct line with the shooter's eye—that the weapon had to be shot from the hip: that the shooting was inaccurate; that the arm was clumsy, ill-balanced, and heavy:—bad, considered as a pike-handle for bayonet use, easily got out of order, dangerous, delicate—a long list of bad qualities indeed. Still the Prussians obstinately stuck to their needle-guns, and, judged by the results of the Bohemian campaign, they seem to have been justified.

* We are indebted for this paper to Dr. Scoffern, author of a valuable work on "Projectile Weapons of War and Rifled Ordnance" (Longman and Co.). Of the first edition of this work the fate or fortune was singular. On being announced for publication, the whole impression (with the exception of a few copies which the author had reserved for special presentation) was purchased for a foreign Government, and distributed in its military schools. A subsequent edition was translated by a distinguished French artillery officer, under authority, and is highly esteemed in the French service, and praised in the scientific reviews. Yet, strange to say, this edition has never been reviewed in an English journal, and the officials at our great arsenals appear ignorant of its contents. Whatever jealousy may exist as to the intrusion of civilians and men of science into professional questions, the subject is one of so much national importance that every contribution to our knowledge should be welcomed. In Dr. Scoffern's book will be found satisfactory information on all points relating to the modern resources of warfare. Not only military men, and Government officials or contractors, but the most peace-loving reader of the newspapers cannot avoid being interested at least in knowing something about weapons which revolutionize the art of war, and so affect the history of the world.

Proceeding to chronicle the war experiences of the needle-gun, we have to remember that only two years ago the Austrians and Prussians fought side by side in Schleswig-Holstein, when it might have been fairly supposed that any special excellence of the Prussian arm would have been revealed. No such revelation seems to have been made; at least, one heard nothing of it. The truth in respect to the needle-gun is that it is a very inaccurately shooting weapon. It is very dangerous withal, very cumbersome, but in experienced hands it can be loaded and fired four times, or even more, to a muzzle-loader's once. If the needle-gun be the worst of breech-loaders, as some experienced people will maintain it to be, the testimony only goes to prove that the worst of breech-loading small arms is better, for general purposes of warfare, than the best of muzzle-loaders. Many times since the general adoption of rifled small arms by the rank and file of armies (not restricting this class of weapon to special corps of riflemen) it has been asserted that battles would never be conducted by soldiers ranging up in close wall-like order again. It has been thought that the battle-field would be covered by clouds of skirmishers, who, picking off each other at long ranges, would determine the issue of the fight. Holding this belief, the advocacy of muzzle-loading as against breech-loading was consistent. In regard to the special function of accurate shooting at long ranges, we never yet did see what some have seen, a breech-loader—no matter on what construction—equal a muzzle-loader of equal gauge. We know of no *a priori* reason wherefore a breech-loader should be likely to shoot more correctly than a muzzle-loader; but we could cite many *a priori* reasons against it. This is only fair to state, and, being stated, we hasten to express our belief that, since the general use of military rifles, the regard paid to very accurate shooting at long ranges has been founded on a misapprehension of the necessities of war. We have always thought that the capacity of hitting a man at a thousand paces could only be made available under the condition that the man to be fired at could be seen; and whereas the smoke of a battle-field does not admit of this clear vision, it has seemed to us that extreme accuracy in a military rifle represented power wasted, capacity thrown away. Experience of the Bohemian campaign has seemed to prove that, in future wars, massed infantry will still manage to range up towards each other at distances of from a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards, which being conceded, then it ceases to be doubtful whether muzzle-loaders or breech-loaders will have the best of it. Accuracy of shooting counts for nothing now; rapidity of charge and fire is all in all. Aiming, in the ordinary sense of aiming from the shoulder, there need be none. If the ground be moderately level, the rifle held moderately level, and not too high, their bullets cannot well go astray. Somebody or other will be hit, somewhere or other; and if, as has happened in a large preponderance of cases, wounds have been inflicted only in legs and feet, it is so far well. A man hit is a man *hors de combat*; and, amidst the inhumanity of war, it is something to diminish the proportion of deaths in battle.

The principle from which the needle-gun derives its name, "Zündnadel," may be thus briefly explained: Be the fact known, then, that a pin or needle stroke, half prick, half scratch, is perhaps the most effectual means of igniting a common lucifer-match, or exploding an ordinary percussion-cap. Aware of this fact, it is easy to conceive many mechanical devices whereby this means of ignition may be applied to a fire-arm. Toy needle-guns have long been common enough in most British

gunmakers' shops. They are used for rook and rabbit shooting. They illustrate the efficiency of puncture as a means of igniting a fulminatory charge; but in no other respect do they bear any resemblance to the Prussian needle-guns. As the nature of an antediluvian beast can be pretty well determined from the examination of a single tooth, so a gun-cartridge, in experienced hands, can be made to reveal the specialities of a gun. Subjecting the ammunition of a toy needle-rifle to this test, dissecting a cartridge, it will be found to consist of a conoidal bullet fixed in front of a cylindrical paper bag, holding the powder charge, in the hinder part of which latter there will be found a cap. It follows, then, that the perforating needle of such a gun must be very short—just long enough, in point of fact, to pass beyond the breeching: otherwise with the Prussian needle-gun. A toy needle-rifle is loaded by bending down the barrel at an angle with the stock, thus throwing the breech end of the barrel open. In the Prussian weapon there is no arrangement of the sort. For warlike exigencies no system of breech-loading would be admissible in which the barrel ceased to have a rigid attachment to the stock; accordingly, this latter arrangement has been secured in the Prussian needle-gun. Taking one of these weapons in hand—firing it—the holder would find, however inexperienced in gunnery matters, that he was handling a very inconveniently balanced weight. Intrinsically, a Prussian needle-gun weighs, without bayonet, some fifteen English pounds; whereas our national Enfield only weighs ten. If it be a question which weapon furnishes the best pike-handle—the most convenient bayonet fixing—there will be no need to linger over the reply. The needle-gun is inconveniently heavy, and, moreover, it has an inconvenient shape. Near the breech end of the barrel is seen a sort of knob, at the end of a stem, projecting horizontally. To open the piece the knob in question is struck smartly on one side. By this motion a cavity is revealed, just large enough to hold the cartridge, powder, bullet, and means of ignition, all in one. And now the peculiarity of Zündnadelgewehr ammunition, compared with toy needle-gun ammunition, will be manifest. The fulminating patch into which the Prussian needle-gun needle has to go is located at the base of the conical ball, and by consequence at the front of the powder charge. From this it follows that the needle must be long enough to transfix the whole length of the powder charge, which is accomplished through a mechanism we need not specify in detail here. Enough to state that, whereas the actuating needle mechanism of the toy needle-gun does not give parallel motion, the strictest parallelism is needed with such a long spill as enters into the formation of the Prussian arm. Three motions only are required to load and make ready the Zündnadelgewehr: opening, shutting, and, as we may term it, cocking; though the latter consists in a parallel movement; viz., the drawing back of a slide to which the needle is attached. From this description of the weapon it will be seen that, whatever escape of fire there may be will fly back towards the shooter's eye. The Prussians assert they have wholly obviated any such escape; certain is it, however, that the defect existed formerly.

One point in connection with military needle-gun practice has, we think, been less minutely pondered than it deserves; namely, the modification of cavalry tactics brought about through the adoption of needle cavalry carbines. Whatever of inconvenience the principle of muzzle-loading has involved for infantry troops of the line, has been greatly exaggerated in cavalry practice. If to charge a muzzle-loading arm be slow, cumbersome, and inconvenient to men standing on their feet, how

much more slow, cumbrous, and inconvenient to men sitting on horseback! So great a nuisance were muzzle-loading cavalry carbines decreed, that many tacticians would have had shoulder fire-arms abolished for cavalry usage altogether. It was argued that cold steel and repeating pistols were the only proper cavalry arms, especially the former. This opinion will probably have to be modified or even revoked, judging from recent Prussian experiences. It has been the recent practice of Prussian cavalry to ply their mounted enemies first with needle-gun shots until their ranks were broken, thus reverting to the practice of Prussian cavalry in the time of Frederick the Great, who relied more on the quick discharge of shouldered fire-arms than on sabreing.

Coming now to divest the Zündnadelgewehr of the glamour of success which interferes with correct judgment, we are disposed to believe that the Prussians have not been so transcendently overwhelming because of the possession of needle-guns specially, as because of their possession of breech-loading guns abstractedly. We believe in the superiority of several breech-loading systems to that to which the Prussians stand committed; and notably the Snider (not Schneider, as sometimes written) system now adopted by the British Government. The especial merit to be awarded to the Prussians is on the ground of their having been the first to generalize certain fundamental principles, and incorporate them into a system. They were the first to apprehend the fundamental truth that any system of military breech-loading, to be thoroughly efficient, should involve and utilize the proposition of employing self-igniting cartridges. It is now surprising to reflect on the ingenuity wasted in devising arrangements of breech-loading that, when accomplished, needed the supplemental operation of capping, or the equivalent of capping, which now seems an absurdity. No really efficient breech-loading system could be effected whilst the prejudice remained.

Having stated that it has never fallen to our lot to see practice with any breech-loader equal in accuracy to the best muzzle-loading practice, it is only proper to add that a target made by one of Snider's breech-loaders has come in our way which, had we seen the firing instead of the target, would have altered our personal testimony. For accuracy, on the evidence of this target, it transcends anything we ever saw the muzzle-loading Enfield perform. We know the target to be authentic—it is, indeed, official—and our mode of advertizing to the case should be accepted in the sense of a testimony to the success of Mr. Snider. Unquestionably any man who makes a breech-loader shoot ball as accurately as a muzzle-loader of a smaller gauge has achieved a great mechanical success.

One word in conclusion. The mere description of implements used for destruction of human life may grate upon the feeling of some peaceful readers of "The Leisure Hour." Yet what good would come of ignoring or slurring over the existence of war? Who does not reprobate it and lament it? We cannot shut our eyes to evils that exist. So long as men go to war, it may be taken for granted that each party in the contest will strive to overcome his antagonist, and the means and appliances of destruction will keep pace with the progress of general science. Sad indeed it is, but inevitable. There is, however, this compensating consideration, that, in proportion to the improvements in the art of war, it would seem that the duration of war, with all its accompanying horrors, must be shortened.

Varieties.

CORPORATION DEBENTURES.—In reply to a correspondent who inquires about Corporation Debentures, it may be said that those issued by the corporations of large towns, whose financial affairs are in good order, must be safe investments enough, because corporations have *perpetual succession*, and are empowered to sue and be sued at all times, so that one generation is responsible for the obligations of preceding ones. The Municipal Corporations Act empowers corporations to raise money by mortgage of certain rates. The debentures mentioned by the correspondent are probably nothing more than an expedient for raising the money as it is called for. The measure is, I think, quite in accordance with law; and I cannot see that the holders of such debentures have any grounds for fear.—*The Author of "Stock Exchange Notes."*

DR. ARBUTHNOT.—I have been much interested with the paper on Dr. Arbuthnot in No. 756. But his history is a melancholy illustration of a humiliating fact in regard to boasted progress of opinion. While our race increases in knowledge and in science of all kinds, including the science of government, which is the most difficult of all, we are slow in admitting the higher motives of action to governors. Is it not striking that such men as Arbuthnot—for I say nothing of Pope and Swift—should have been prepared and willing to bring back the Stuarts, and that in the full knowledge that with the Stuarts they were sure to bring back misery, misrule, and persecution? Pope, who was a Catholic, might think he was doing God service; Swift was a sad scamp, with all his great talents; but that Arbuthnot should agree with them seems strange. He would be at no loss, it is true, to find instances of very gross and culpable persecution by the triumphant Protestants of the revolution party; but he could not shut his eyes to the excessive persecution of the Lauderdale period in Scotland, and of the bloody assize in England, which provoked, though they did not justify, the retribution I allude to. I greatly suspect that Arbuthnot was not a graduate of Aberdeen, though it is always said so in his biographies. My reason is that I have positive evidence of his being a graduate of St. Andrew's; indeed, the very first who took the degree of M.D. at St. Andrew's, 11th September, 1696. (See the "History of the Medical Profession," by John Gairdner, M.D., p. 16, note.) I scarcely think he would graduate at two of the Universities, though it might be admitted to be possible.

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THE "MILL" OR THE "STILL."—When we look upon the waving corn, we rejoice in the bounty of Providence; but in taking that corn from the harvest-field it depends—as to whether it would be for good or evil—whether the horse's head were turned to the "mill" or to the "still." Policemen are not required to look after bakers' shops, and men do not go home and beat their wives because they had bought too much bread. If a man bought five shillings' worth of bread, and threw it into the river, it would be a fearful waste, but he would be only so much the poorer. But if he spent the money in drink, he was not only so much the poorer, but he was so far towards becoming a drivelling idiot or maniac, and he had better have let his five shillings float down the river than down his throat.—*Temperance Speech of Mr. Samuel Bowly.*

MR. COBDEN'S FIRST SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT.—Mr. Cobden entered the House of Commons in the year 1841, two years before I became a member of that House. I believe I was in the gallery of the House on the night when he made his first speech. I happened to sit close to a gentleman not now living—Mr. Horace Twiss—who had once himself been a member of the House, but who was then occupied in the gallery, writing the Parliamentary summary of the proceedings which was published morning after morning in the columns of "The Times" newspaper. Mr. Cobden had a certain reputation when he went into Parliament from the course he had taken before the public in connection with the corn-law out of doors. There was great interest as to his first speech, and the position he would take in the House. Horace Twiss was a Tory of the old school. He appeared to have the greatest possible horror of anybody who was a manufacturer or calico-printer coming down into that assembly to teach our senators wisdom. As the speech went on I watched his countenance and heard his observations; and when Mr. Cobden sat down he threw it off with a careless gesture, and said, "Nothing in him: he is only a barker."—*Mr. Bright.*